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CLASS-LETTERS

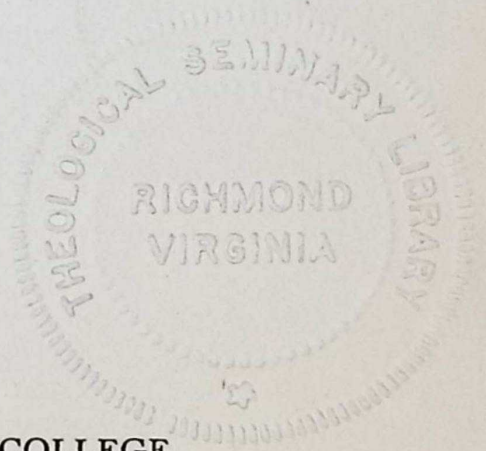
Class of '94

Hampden-Sidney College

Edited by

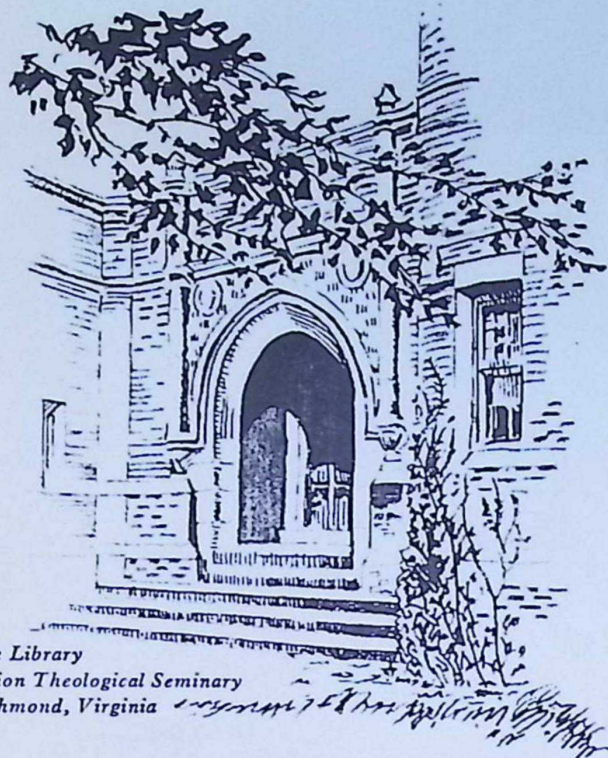
JNO. I. ARMSTRONG

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HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE

MAY, 1905



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To the New Members.

FROM GIFTS

CLASS OF '94.

COLORS: *Royal Purple and Old Gold.*



Wichie! co rush! co rush! co ree!

Vive la! vive la! H. S. C.!

Zip la! boom la! v-a-vah!

'94! '94! rah! rah! rah!

CLASS-LETTERS.

Dear Fellows of '94:

When I visited the old College last commencement season I could not but think of our own, ten years before, and of all that contributed to make it what it was: the green lawns, the graceful maidens (now married to other men), the flowers, the music, the graduates each "with the world in his sling," the orations that could teach even senators wisdom, the sadness of farewell—no later memories we know can ever blot these from view. I could not but wish, too, that we could gather in another class-meeting and tell through what tangled skeins the ten years had led us, and then to what the future pointed. Such a meeting is, of course, impossible to us now, scattered as we are through the States, and with Simpson and Smith on the other side of the world; and so we must set it down on paper. And here is my autobiography:

After leaving College I started the *Bath News*, at Warm Springs, Va., and fourteen months later turned the paper over to Sturdivant Read, and went to Richmond, to become business manager of the *Central Presbyterian*. After three years' service in delightful surroundings, I left the *Central* to enter Union Theological Seminary, beginning its first session in Richmond in October, 1898; graduated with the class of 1901; took a year of post-graduate study at the same institution; then for one year took the classes in Hebrew in order to release Dr. Moore for a much-needed absence in Europe; was pastor of the Farmville Presbyterian Church for one year, and returned to the Seminary last September as adjunct in the department of Hebrew and Oriental Literature. On the 18th of last May I married Miss Meta Russell, of Winchester, Va., and here we are at "Westwood," the former country home of Dr. Hunter McGuire, housekeeping and just as happy as two little people can well be.

I have seen and heard not a little of the other boys of '94. Think of *teaching* both Armstrong and Watkins! Christmas I saw two of

the boys—Whitwell, who lives in a cozy flat in Washington and shares life's happiness with one of the most charming daughters of Maine; and Warden, the same old jovial soul in bigger body. What wouldn't you give to see Holladay, as breeder of blue-ribbon stock, mill-owner, and general beau of the community? And John Rosebro, with a Van Dyke beard—and married? And Sturdivant, swinging his doctor's shingle and dispensing pills at 228 Clinton Street, Brooklyn? And Dunlap, addressing the gentlemen of the jury? And Dr. Tynes, making his rounds at Tinkling Springs? And Billy Edmunds, overseeing his market-farm? And Richardson, in a high silk hat? And Winston, called "Dr. Winston"? And Dalby, studying still—and providing for two? And Allen, among the first to launch out into the sea of matrimony? And Feet Anderson, whose great bulk just suits the Empire of Texas? And Dyer, doing finely in law in the same State? And Finley, a business man in West Virginia? And Dr. Graham, growing rich in the opulent Southwest? And Dr. Osborne, in the front rank of physicians in Petersburg? And Licklider, who is somewhere in the two Virginias—or somewhere else? And old Newt. Parker, in developing West Virginia? And Smith, wise in counsel in the Far East? And Simpson, meeting the savants of age-old India? And the Wauchopes, training young ideas in the West? And what wouldn't you give to see and hear Flopsie, as grand entertainer at the Yellow Sulphur Springs in the summer, and news-gatherer at the Capital in the winter? I would give much. But both space and time are up, so good-bye, with heartiest wishes for each one of you. I am

Your class-mate,

J. GRAY McALLISTER.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, VA., *January 16, 1905.*

My Dear Class-mates:

Last spring I wrote to McAllister, asking if he would not undertake to get out another volume of class letters. His reply was so discouraging that I let the matter drop. It was, therefore, a most agreeable surprise when Armstrong's letter came calling on me for my contribution. Notwithstanding my delight at the thought of hearing from each of you in the near future, my letter is late in getting started. I am sure, however, that even Armstrong will pardon

the delay when he learns that within the last month I have both had the measles and gotten married. The wedding was to have been on February 8th. I had gone to Hangchow in order to be on hand, when, on the 6th, I broke out with measles, and the wedding had to be postponed. Then how slowly the days went by! After about two weeks of waiting—it seemed like two months—we were married, on February 21st, and are now living happily ever afterward. Mrs. Smith was Miss Margaret Jones, of the Central China Mission, Northern Presbyterian Church. The wedding was a pretty one, and there were about forty foreigners besides a few Chinese friends, who helped by their presence to make the occasion a happy one. Fellows, I know that there are many of you who know what I mean when I say that I am happy; and just here let me congratulate those of you who have been as fortunate as I.

As I write, my thoughts go back to the day we parted at Hampden-Sidney, and I think of all that the years since then have brought forth. Many of us have been led by ways that we never dreamed of, and some of us to far-away lands. Nothing gives more pleasure than the fond hope that each one is, in his own place and way, doing something for the betterment of mankind.

Simpson has come my way, but if any one supposes we are near enough to talk over each other's back yard fence, he is mistaken.

Let me tell you a little about my work here in China. The first year or two was spent almost entirely in the study of the language—hard work it was too; then I began what I hoped would be my life-work, evangelistic work at Sinchang, but was soon called by the mission to take charge of the Kashing Presbyterian High School during the absence on furlough of the Principal, Rev. J. M. Blain. When Mr. Blain returns from America, I hope to take up my former work again. We keep busy all the time. In the mission field there are constant demands upon one's time and energy. We have a vacation of six weeks every summer, when we try to get away from the heat, dirt and malaria. Last summer I went to Tengchow Fu, in North China, a city on the seaside, about seventy miles south of Port Arthur, near enough to the scene of war to hear the roar of cannon, and sometimes the search-lights from the war vessels could be seen.

Recently we have had the pleasure of welcoming several new

workers to our mission, two of whom are known to many of you—Leighton Stuart and Lacy Moffett.

My furlough is due in four years more, and I hope to see some of you then.

With hearty good wishes for you each one, and with love from Mrs. Smith to the other Mrs.'s of '94, I remain,

Your loyal class-mate,

H. MAXEY SMITH.

KASHING, CHINA, *March 9, 1905.*

Dear Boys of '94:

I write this, not so much to tell you the little I have been doing since last we met and parted, but rather just in obedience to the order of "John I.," and, second, for the sake of hearing from the rest of you, as to where you are, what you are doing, and how many of the remnant of our class have become famous, or at least on the road to fame.

As for myself it might be well to tell you that I have not become famous yet, nor, indeed, am I on the road that leads that way.

My lofty ambitions as expressed in Union Literary Society have melted away, leaving me quite contented to be superintendent of a small suburban gospel plant, with the comforts of a snug home, a wife, a dog, a horse, a boat, a gun, an occasional trip up and down the coast or across the "pond," and a tour twice a year to Presbytery.

I also read *Simple Life*, or, rather, have read it, or, at least, part of it, and have attained the honorary degree of DOCTOR from a Jew clothing firm in town.

There are some other things that I would like to tell my classmates, but reserve the rest as news when you visit me, which I hope you will do not later than the Jamestown Exposition in 1907. But whenever you come, remember you are a welcome guest, and shall share the best I have in the way of birds and fish; and the latch-string, or, at least, what serves for a latch-string, always hangs out.

With fond memories of the old days, and a hope of being reunited in a day to come in the class above.

Yours of '94,

ARNOLD HALL.

NORFOLK, VA., *February 17, 1905.*

My Dear Class-mates:

Some time ago I received a letter from one of the old boys, John I. Armstrong, saying that he was going to get a class letter from all of the '94 boys, and I look forward with a great deal of pleasure. The first question I want to ask is, who won the silver cup? I have seen and heard from a good many of the boys, and I think that they are all married but me; and had I entered the race for the cup, I should have gotten the flag long before this. I am still in Berryville, and should any of the boys get around, I will be only too glad to have them come to see me.

Wishing you, one and all, a happy and prosperous future, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

H. C. WARDEN.

BERRYVILLE, VA., March 17, 1905.

Dear Boys:

I received a letter from Armstrong not long since, in which he asked me to write a letter and send two dollars for the next class letters which he is getting out. I think we ought to tender him a vote of thanks, for I fear there are some of us who would not relish the undertaking. I reckon I had better tell you something about myself, though there is not much to tell. I am still in Florida, farming and truck growing. I am not married yet. As I was not in the race for the cup, I guess there is no hurry. By the way, who got the cup? I can't keep up with you all well enough to know that. The "Cracker Girls" are still all right, so the trouble must be with me.

I went through the *Third Battle of Manassas*; saw several Hampden-Sidney boys while there, but none of '94. Old Hampden-Sidney won't seem natural without Dr. McIlwaine.

If any of you boys should pass this way in your travels be sure to stop over and see me. I will be glad to have you at any time.

Yours truly,

WM. M. ("BUCK") EDMUNDS.

LEESBURG, FLA., March 2, 1905.

Dear Class-mates:

I understand the aim of class letters to be the giving of such information as will enable the different members to know (1) the

movements since the last letters were written, (2) present conditions, and (3) future prospects of each member. Such information will draw closer together the boys who, for three or four of the happiest years of their lives, labored and pleased in the closest union that college life affords—that of class-fellowship.

My last letter was written from Tazewell College in 1896, where I taught a number of subjects very inefficiently for the session ending in the June of that year.

In October, 1896, I entered Johns Hopkins University on an ordinary scholarship for the Ph. D. course, studying chemistry, physics, and mathematics. The two sessions following, I had honorary scholarships, graduating in June, 1899. During this same month I was elected to the chair of adjunct-professor of Physical Science in our old College, my chair being separated from Dr. Bagby's, and made a full professorship in June, 1900, giving me as my subjects Chemistry, Geology and Physiology. I want to tell you, boys, *sub rosa*, that "Bags" is one of the finest fellows in the world, and that had we been less in awe of him and known him better, we would all have been big gainers.

In 1902, I was married to Miss Frances A. Watson, of Nottoway county. We have a little year-old girl, who, of course, is the most wonderful that ever was born. We are living in the old Dabney house, that was uninhabited in our student days—except by ghosts. You remember that the house is opposite Mrs. Carrington's boarding house, and please remember when you come to the "Hill" that the house is yours.

The prospects for the future of the College seem unusually bright. We have an active and efficient Board of Trustees, and we have reason to believe that in June a President will be elected that will make things hustle. The alumni are everywhere interested and at work; you know what that means. The class of '94, one of the banner classes of College history, should do her utmost in behalf of Hampden-Sidney College. Our class is the only one that has in the Faculty two of the members.

How pleasant it would be to have all of the boys back here for a week in June, 1906! We have a whole year to think of and work for it; I will promise right now to take good care of a third of the boys that come. Can't we do it? I am sure it would be one of the greatest

pleasures of my life, and I believe that every one of us would be better, happier and prouder of our *alma mater*. Happiness and success to you all.

J. H. C. WINSTON.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA., April 22, 1905.

Fellow Class-mates:

The editor of our former letters reminded us that the personal tone was the one necessary for interest in class letters, so here goes.

I have been a native of New York City, Borough of Brooklyn, for over six years, having studied medicine here. After spending two years on the Resident Staff in hospitals, I have begun practice in Brooklyn.

The annals of the poor, you remember, are short; so the above comprises all that is of interest—*i. e.*, which will bear publication under the censorship of old "John I."

When any of you are in New York look for my name in the telephone book, ring me up. I assure you of a hearty welcome, and we will meet to swap stories of the good old days not quite beyond recall. Hoping that for all the goal is still "a glorious thing."

Sincerely yours,

STURDIVANT READ, A. B.

(A. B.achelor.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 1, 1905.

No. 228 Clinton Street.

My Dear Class Fellows of '94:

I am so glad to know we are to have class letters again. Some months ago I was reading the old letters, of '99, I think, and was wondering where and how you all were. I am sorry I have not had the pleasure of seeing or hearing from more of you. In fact I have seen very few Hampden-Sidney men. Once there were four or five of our '94 men in Texas, but I saw only George, a fine spirited and good man (who has gone to his reward), and "Tommy" Southall. "Tommy," whom we all love, labored a number of years in Austin, Texas, and has now gone back to the mountains of Virginia; also

"Johnny" Rosebro was once in Texas as professor of English at Austin College (Sherman, Texas). He, too, has returned East, and I believe now preaches. By the way, our class must be an exceptional one (good?). There are so many who have become "Theologs." I feel sure there is no needier field of work than the ministry, and I am so glad the Lord has honored so many of our class, entrusting them with the gospel.

How I do wish, after ten years and more of separation and experience, we could all meet, have roll call, and could give account of our experiences more in detail than we can in these letters. For my part I am not sure there is anything of special interest to you in my course, but I will so much enjoy a letter from you giving me a glimpse into the very heart of your life. For nearly seven years I have been a Texan. For six years I served one field. The Lord blessed me greatly in my labor there. Some two years ago my churches gave me two months' vacation and a purse to help me in a course in Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. The course was very enjoyable and profitable to me. For nearly a year I have labored as home missionary. In this work I have travelled in buggy some twenty-five hundred miles, besides a good deal on railroad. I have visited and preached in eight or ten of these new Western counties. This country, from here to New Mexico, is new, and is fast developing, and we very much need strong, earnest and consecrated young men to carry the gospel into this great territory. In all my course there is nothing more than the usual rounds of an ordinary preacher. Some five years ago I married, and there are two sweet little girls at our home. But what of the class cup? Am I winner? So far as I know only "John I," "Dick" Richardson and one or two others are married. I am sorry I can't send you something specially interesting about my work or self. My health is fine; work is very full and encouraging. In case any '94 man is in Texas let me hear from him. If any of you ever pass this way, I shall be so glad to meet you, and "in my house" talk with you of many things. With all good wishes for you every one, I am,

Yours, in His work,

C. C. ANDERSON.

SWEETWATER, TEXAS, *January 25, 1905.*

My Dear Boys:

This is really the first time we have written to each other since we became what we are going to be. Our last class letter was made when most of us were trying to be what we are not. Now at last we are settled. Life has, with some delay and trouble, assorted and pigeon-holed us. And you will find me, dear fellows, not in the poet's corner, according to Read's "Class Prophecy," but amongst those labelled "the preachers."

To give you the missing links, I will say that when at College I had a strong suspicion that one day I might have to room on *Via Sacra*. So after leaving South Boston, Va., where I was teaching, where you last heard from me, I went to North Boston, Mass., partly to see how my ministerial suspicions would look from a different point of view. One year at Harvard settled it. My suspicions were confirmed. The point of view, I assure you, was very different from that we usually occupy, but the view was substantially the same—I was to be a "preacher."

But I was not to room on *Via Sacra*. Brook Road is the modern macadamized equivalent for the old classic *Via*, so dear to all of us college boys, who loved its shady turns and quiet bordering homes. The old swinging gates along its path usually stood open to "us fellows."

But as the Seminary had moved to Richmond, to Richmond I went to take my theological course. I shall never forget boarding an early morning train which I oppressively felt was to take me from freedom into preacherdom. I entered the car almost glad it was still dark, and sheepishly wondering what sort of a "seminite" I would make. I was also wondering whether any others of our old set, who were formerly not suspected of being preacherly inclined, would surprise the community that morning by turning up to matriculate at Union Seminary. Just then a tall man in a full beard stopped by my seat and peered quizically into my face. I didn't know him, but he continued staring until we both laughed. There it was, E. W. Simpson—and on his way to enter Union Seminary! We hadn't seen each other since class celebration, that warm night in June, when, amid the smell of flowers and flutter of fans, we had done our final "stunt" before the public at Hampden-Sidney. So Simpson and I roomed together at the Seminary the year he staid there. It was his

senior year, as he had already been to McCormick and Princeton. He was in India before I finished. And I wish to bear testimony to Simpson. He is a fine fellow.

Now I too have finished, and have been for over a year in home mission work in the mountains of West Virginia. I live in a little lumber town, where I have built and organized a church. I also preach at times to the "loggers" in their camps. They are great, strapping, picturesque fellows, in plaid shirts, knee trousers and heavy cork shoes—as silent and somber and self-contained as the peaks amongst which they work.

And here, fellows, if any of you ever want a vacation—mountain climbing, and trout fishing, and a little rowing—I am awaiting to welcome you, for you are of the class of '94, Hampden-Sidney, and I am,

Always yours faithfully,

ASA D. WATKINS.

CASS, W. VA., April 25, 1905.

My Dear Class-mates:

I am delighted at the prospect of hearing from you all once more, but came very near forgetting that I was expected to contribute to the little history of our various wanderings.

I am doing business at the same old place, where you left me last time. That is, I am in the milling business here with my father, and by the way, boys, let me tell you if you don't know it already, you have got your hands full when you run up against the farmers of to-day in buying grain, etc., from them. They are just about as well posted on markets and market prospects as a Wall Street broker, and it is the last cent which they are going to take from you before they give up their grain.

But you don't want a business talk now, I am sure, and I will turn next to the ladies. "Nothing doing" in the matrimonial line for Henry yet, but I am just as fond of the "sweet things" as ever, and never lose any opportunity of showing them, one and all, how much I do appreciate them.

I have become a devoted follower of the hounds within the past few years, and during the hunting season usually get out about once a week for a ride across country. It is the greatest sport ever invented I think, and I often wish for the old boys of '94 to be with me,

when I am in hot pursuit of a rugged old red. You fellows would have laughed, however, could you have seen the tumble which I had in Richmond a few weeks ago. I was riding with the Deep Run hounds, and had the mount on a crazy runaway mare. She chose a piece of woods for this little specialty act with me, and the result was that she got to going too fast to see the trees, and smashed full steam ahead into one. I was knocked about ten feet, and landed bottom side down in a mud-hole. The sight of my pink coat, and silk hat, when I came out of that mud was enough to induce laughter from a mule.

Well, boys, I must be going now. I enjoyed a talk with Pat McAllister last night, who told me a great deal about a lot of the boys, and reminded me that I must be writing a letter. What is the matter with the crowd having a reunion some of these times? I am mighty keen for it, and hope we can arrange it some time.

With very best wishes to you all, I am, as ever,

Yours sincerely,

HENRY T. HOLLADAY, JR.

RAPIDAN, VA., April 13, 1905.

My Dear Fellows:

Our letters will reveal a very interesting *status quo* in our class, for we have been scattered with the winds, and do not even know "where we are at." Professors, doctors, lawyers, ministers, and what not, have been evolved out of our numbers; and some have even ventured on matrimony.

When I last wrote I was, I think, teaching in Petersburg, Va., in a boys' classical school. After two years there, I decided to try the "Great West," and went to the Lone Star State to attempt the practice of pedagogy upon Texans, Indians, and half-breeds. After two years of that work, I thought it necessary to fill the tanks again, and left, expecting to study to equip myself for some profession; but was turned aside to do about six months' work on a newspaper in North Carolina. Then, as I could not any longer stay away from it, I went to Union Theological Seminary, in Richmond, Va., to prepare for the ministry. I landed in Baltimore in May, 1902, to take charge of a Presbyterian Church, and there I am at the present writing.

Mrs. "John R." says that I must not forget to mention that she

is now a member of the class of '94, and she sends her greetings to Mrs. "John I." and Mrs. "Pat" and Mrs. "Romeo" and Mrs. "Tommy," and to any other new members of whom she has not yet heard mention. With best wishes to all, I am,

Yours affectionately,

JOHN R. ROSEBRO.

BALTIMORE, MD., February 1, 1905.

No. 141 Windermere Avenue.

My Dear Class-mates:

Since my graduation from Union Seminary in 1898, I have been pastor of the Southern Presbyterian Church in this hustling West Virginia town. Out here they have a way of calling every minister *reverend*, without regard to denomination or color, just as in most places a physician is addressed as *doctor*, without his name. I have been called *reverend* on the street, *reverend* in the stores, *reverend* on the train, *reverend* in the church, *reverend* in the homes where my duties have called me, *reverend* by male and female, white and black, old and young, saint and sinner, for nearly seven years, until I am positively sick of *reverend*. Occasionally I take fits of desperation. Some months ago, when one of these spells was on, I stopped a man on the street and told him if ever again he called me *reverend* I would ram it down his throat. The further time takes me along its stream the more do I find myself longing for the sound of the old College name, and that, if only for a short while, I might be back on the campus with things as they were then. Yes, I would be willing even to stand for the bust on Junior Latin. Being so far from base, only occasionally have I caught a glimpse of a Hampden-Sidney man, and not once have I been able to return to the old scenes. In fact, I have completely lost track of many of our fellows, the face of each of whom is distinct in my mind. So I was delighted when Armstrong wrote suggesting another issue of the class letters.

I want to suggest that we arrange to issue an edition every year; that we choose a certain month during which they shall appear; that we appoint some one as permanent editor, or as editor of the next issue; that every man who fails to write, without adequate excuse, be fined; and that each man express his sentiments on these matters by writing to Armstrong. I know I am the last man in the class to

make such suggestions. I failed to make my appearance in the former issues. But I herewith make my humble apologies, and promise to reform.

A little more than three years ago I did the imprudent thing of marrying in my own congregation. But I am still its pastor. Let me say right here, that I extend a standing invitation to every '94 man who comes anywhere in the vicinity of Clarksburg to visit the Manse. My charge has always had peculiar difficulties, difficulties, some of them, that I have been utterly inadequate to meet. Very small results require very hard work. Often very hard work results in nothing. But I have a splendid membership, and a very long-suffering one. But I have already made this observation when I said that I have been here nearly seven years. Some of the fellows may wonder how I can preach three discourses per week to the same congregation for seven years. You have probably remarked, in your mind, dear class-mates, that according to your recollection of me, I did not know enough to hold a job of that sort for one year. Well, there is nothing the matter with your memory. I told them all I knew in the first sermon I preached to them, and talked only eighteen minutes. But I find that in seven years I have not made a start in telling them what I don't know.

I eagerly await the news from each member of the class, and extend to each my best wishes.

H. G. RICHARDSON.

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., February 3, 1905.

Dear Ninety-four:

How I wish that we could all get together for an evening and renew our acquaintance. The added dignity of these eleven years would vanish. Even "Pat," with all his Hebrew, could not preserve his unscathed. Believe I would almost be willing to forego the pleasure of "kicking" at such a time. Besides, our class has so many sisters now—God bless them—that whether they were to sit as corresponding members or exercise full power of suffrage, I would not dare to object in open meeting, and could but tremblingly falter "no" when the votes are taken.

I must be losing my memory with my hair. Cannot recall where

I was when our letters last appeared. Did I tell you about Rosebro breaking into my reserve at the University of Chicago? He was there trying to recover from an attack of Texas fever. Found him at Union Seminary a few years later, sitting under the lectures of Dr. T. C. Johnson. Hence he is probably due in the Northern Assembly by this time. Between two courses at the University, I found myself at McCormick Seminary, taking lectures under Dr. Herrick Johnson; but I did not then know him as the author of the "rider" which has passed into history. I think his "bronco" must have been bucking when that rider was let fly.

While at the University, I saw McKinley, out in the rain, tramp through the mud ankle deep, on the way to Kent Theater to get his degree. A year later, I worked my way through the crowd in the gymnasium, the largest hall about the place, and swung myself up on a trapeze, clear of the surging mass below, from which vantage-point I could both see and hear "Teddy," of San Juan, and the glistening teeth. The University of Chicago made no advances of that sort to me, although I was taking considerable beside "calico," so I took mine from Princeton in 1900.

I took the "middle year" at Princeton Seminary, and like that institution despite the distance between professors and students, and the tendency to cliques among the latter. Finally I turned my steps homeward, and on my way to Union, regarded by many as the logical sequence of Hampden-Sidney, with whom should I fall in but our class poet. He too had been wandering. Those Harvard people think they have a better alphabet than our *alma mater* uses, so they had given him another A. B. Disguised by my whiskers, I was not recognized, but æsthetic Asa, having formed the acquaintance of those whiskers, took them to brighten his room during his first year in the Seminary. That was the best piece of good fortune a man's whiskers ever brought him. We found "Pat" there ahead of us. His dignity did not prevent his forging to the front. Rosebro, the youngest member of '94, surprised even Dr. Johnson by his preaching. Other Hampden-Sidney men were swarming over the Seminary, and several had elbowed their way into the senior class.

I considered myself neither high church nor an aspirant for exalted positions, yet June found me preaching on the Peaks of Otter. However, I had a "come down." On the Fourth of July, my appen-

dix issued a nullification proclamation, and went on a tear. After a three months struggle to restore order, I decided to resort to extreme measures, apply the extreme penalty of the law, and administer capital punishment. That prince of surgeons, Dr. George Ben Johnson, removed the offending member. I tell you, boys, I was among friends at Richmond as I could scarcely have been at any other hospital. Members of '94, of every class in Union, of the Constitutional Convention, of the classes in medicine and dentistry, and many friends, who are not boys, called and sent me flowers, books and magazines. If any of you feel that you need a good, restful time, where you will be loyally treated, just go to the Old Dominion Hospital, and tell Dr. Johnson to remove your appendix. Dear old Dr. McIlwaine, about whom cluster so many memories of college days, called on me in the hospital, and I was fortunate enough to be up at Union later, when, as we say in India, a *darbar* was held in his honor. Few men keep up with the alumni as he does. I suppose he got so accustomed to keeping an eye on us in the old days that the habit has become fixed.

Well, here I am in India, where of all places I least expected to be. Before I ever thought of studying for the ministry, I was thinking of work in South America. When I decided to do foreign mission work, I naturally looked to the same country. I thought India required a mental caliber and training of which I was not possessed. My Latin would serve as foundation for language study in many of the other mission fields. But God, and those who direct his work below, thought differently; so here I am. The language comes slowly, and my limitations seem to wall me in, but I guess he knows why he sent me here, and will make a breach somewhere. The old missionaries sometimes say that it is a blessing that we do not know the language until we have been in the country for some time.

I am very anxious to see you, boys, and I have plenty of room in my bungalow; can you not run down? Smith—he was married on Wednesday, lucky dog—is just across the way at Kashing. If you tire of me, you can run over and see him. That reminds me that the silver cup has not yet been given to any one. Better bestow it upon the last old bachelor. It will serve to brighten his loneliness, and be much appreciated by Your friend and class-mate, E. W. SIMPSON.

KOLHAPUR, INDIA, *February 10, 1905.*

American Presbyterian Mission.

Dear John:

I received your letter nearly a month ago, and could not answer for a few days, and I fear I am too late now, as you wanted reply before this, but I will write a short letter, hoping my letter may get in; if not, I want a number of copies of the class letters any way. I have been preaching seven years, six at Attalla, Ala., and have been at Austell, Ga., for a year. I haven't set the world a-fire yet, as you may have expected. I have gotten to the point where I am willing to be an ordinary preacher, and I find a great deal more pleasure in life than when I had an ambition to be a great preacher. (Probably you boys never suspected I had that ambition.) Well, there are many things going on we never suspect.

Yes, I got the ropes on that good woman I had so badly fooled, but when the bridal day arrived I discovered that the bridegroom was nothing more than a necessary evil. I was an exceedingly small part of the show. I have one boy, about three years old, very handsome (like his father, you know), and we candidly believe him to be a genius. I shall not tell of his brilliant sayings and acts, but let this suffice: he is a very close observer, and notices some things that escape my notice. I hope you will have a letter from all the boys. I want to hear from them all.

I am receiving a small salary, have a hard work, but am saving some money for a rainy day, and am contented and about as happy as mortals get to be on this earth.

Hoping to meet you all in the happy hunting grounds, I am,

Yours,

KENNETH A. CAMPBELL.

AUSTELL, GA., March 10, 1905.

My Dear Friends and Fellow Class-mates:

If you could look into my private room, here in the "Hoosier" State, you would see on the wall the picture of a group of young men taken some years ago, which, I think, you would all recognize. It is a picture of the class of '94 at Hampden-Sidney. You will doubtless remember its having been taken from the steps of the Seminary Library when we were seniors. I have no picture in my possession which I prize more highly than this one, for it reminds me of those

days when we were together. How much I should like to have a picture of the same group taken at this time, but if such a thing were considered now, most of you boys would have wives whom you would want to appear in the group. To this, of course, there could be no objection, but it would be somewhat of a hardship upon us who have been less fortunate.

I am indeed glad to have this opportunity to hear from all of you again, for it seems that I, though not a great way distant, am cast off to myself, but I suppose these letters will be gathered from all corners of this wide country of ours. I have only seen one of our class in the past seven years. I saw Dunlap at Hinton, W. Va., about three years ago. He was very busily engaged in the practice of law, and on the particular day I saw him had more complaints to enter against judicial decisions than he ever dared to raise on the floors of the Union Hall. I have heard indirectly from Newt. Parker and Asa Watkins, who, I hear, are dignified clergymen, being located near my former home in West Virginia. I have been told that Newt., though perhaps a little late to claim "the cup," has his eye fixed upon one of the fair sex, who will no doubt prove his prize.

Since leaving Hampden-Sidney, I have been engaged in various kinds of business, but so far have not accomplished much in the occupation which was predicted for me by our class prophet, namely, horse-trading. My first employment after leaving Hampden-Sidney was a clerkship in the post-office at Alderson, W. Va., my former home. After having been in this position for about two years, I came to Indiana and located at Anderson, which is a prosperous little city of about thirty thousand, situated in the Indiana gas and oil belt. Here I took a position with the Anderson Electric Street Railway Company, which was later absorbed by the Indiana Union Traction Company. I first learned how to operate cars, then took an office position, and later was cashier for the same company, in which position I remained for about five years. During February of last year I left my position with the Traction Company, and accepted a position with the Anderson Loan Association, with which concern I am connected at the present time.

The Traction lines of this State have become a very popular and convenient way of travel. The company with which I was associated now operates about three hundred miles of interurban lines, besides

the local lines in five cities and towns. All of this is done from one central power station situated at Anderson. This company operates cars successfully at a distance of seventy-five miles from the central power station. Their interurban system is said to be the largest in the world.

Anderson is just thirty-six miles northeast of Indianapolis. If any of you should pass this way in making a Western trip, and would stop to see me, you would receive a very hearty welcome.

Yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM H. SURBAUGH.

ANDERSON, IND., March 6, 1905.

My Dear Class-mates:

You must not think I have forgotten you, and lost interest in all that concerns your welfare, because I write so seldom. I think of you all often, and revolve in my mind the joys and sorrows of our College life.

It has been some time since I have heard from many of you, and I was very glad to hear that "Rat" Armstrong had decided to get out another issue of our "class letters." "Rat" wrote, "What we want is news—news from every man." So I must give you some news of myself.

The first three years after leaving College I devoted to teaching graded schools in Prince George county, Va., and at Lawrenceville, Va. In 1897, I entered Union Theological Seminary, Hampden-Sidney, Va. It seemed strange there to me for a while, because there were so few of my old friends there. Nearly all of the students in College and Seminary were new men to me. After several weeks, new friends were made, and I began to feel at home again on the "Hill." The following years in the Seminary were spent at Richmond. There I met up with "Frankie" Jones again, and we roomed together the next two years I was in the Seminary. Dear "Frankie!" You all remember him, no doubt, and especially his hearty, contagious laugh. His daily life was a daily sermon to me.

Immediately after leaving the Seminary in the spring of 1900, I accepted a call to supply the church at Oxford, N. C., where I labored till December of that year, when, on account of failing health, I was forced to seek lighter work. In January of the follow-

ing year, I accepted a call to the Mocksville Church, N. C., and I am here yet, you see.

While at College we used to hear that Dr. John Bell Hennemon once declared that tennis, "calicoing" and matrimony were the three-fold object of a Seminite, and, sure enough, I walked in the ways of all the others—having consummated the first two of this three-fold intention while at the Seminary, and the last on December 4, 1901.

Mocksville is a small town of one thousand population, in Western North Carolina. The climate and people are all we could wish to make it a most delightful home.

Well this is the story of my life in brief, "since last we met."

I shall anxiously await the "letters" for news from you all. Hold on a minutes. I am about to forget to tell you the most important fact of all, and this is that the *third* member of our home in one sense, and the *first* in another, is Daniel Pope Allen, an enterprising boy of twenty-one months. Never one such, you know. With much love and best wishes, I am,

Always fondly yours,

F. M. ALLEN.

MOCKSVILLE, N. C., *February 17, 1905.*

Dear Boys of the Class of '94:

When I received John I.'s letter asking me to contribute to the "class letters," I ran over the names of the men who composed the class when I was a member of it, and I wondered what had become of them. I know of those who have entered the ministry and the medical profession, but I am ignorant of the whereabouts of quite a number.

Did you, fellows, ever compare in a marital sense those who minister to the soul with those who minister to the body? I believe every one of the former has taken unto himself a bride other than the church, while not one of the latter has married, though a few may *own* skeletons, which might have been *women* in years gone by. I sit in my office and look at my bony mate, then I go out to make my "calls." Some homes, boys, are havens of rest, while others are worse than the opposite, and when I return from a visit to one of the latter, I tell my old skeleton that as she lost her tongue some years ago, I will cling to her "for better or for worse."

Take the ministers. Who would have thought that John I. would have married so soon after leaving the Seminary! I believe to have shaken a skirt at him in the old college days would have put him to flight. McAllister has even found a woman sufficiently small of stature for him. John Rosebro has recently married. I am a little surprised at his waiting so long, for when he returned from Texas he was equal to any emergency.

Sturdivant Read, Billy Graham, and I, followers of *Æsculapius*, have eschewed the marital estate, though we were considered pretty good *calico* men, while the ministers were not. How can the change be accounted for? The only solution I have for it, boys, is that it requires Christian fortitude to get married, and while the ministry seems to increase this virtue in her followers, medicine decreases it.

I am very anxious to see this edition of the "class letters," and I trust that every member will contribute, and as I am expected to tell what I am doing, I will say that my chief occupation at present is administering soothing syrup to Robert Budd's baby.

Very sincerely yours,

JOS. D. OSBORNE.

PETERSBURG, VA., February 20, 1905.

Dear Fellows:

I was more than glad to hear that many of you had expressed a desire for another edition of "class letters," and that the courageous Armstrong had the temerity to undertake the carrying out of the enterprise. These bird's-eye views of the '94 boys are very welcome to me, and I am delighted to be given an opportunity to bear a hand in the general result.

Not being a graduate member of the class, I feel that a multiplication of words as to myself would be not only unnecessary, but out of place, so I merely want to say that I am at the same old stand, the Washington Gas Light Company of the Capital City, and hope that any fellow happening along this way will be sure to look in on me.

The last letters, which I now have before me, are dated May, 1899. I did not realize that our last correspondence was a matter of such ancient history, so find that my marriage in November of that year to Miss Allen, of Portland, Maine (I will not enlarge upon her attractions, as you would say I was prejudiced), will be news to some

of you at least. Mrs. George W. will supplement a very hearty welcome from me if you will only hunt us up, and I will leave my wife's cordial reception for any of the fellows from Hampden-Sidney, and particularly of '94, to Gray McAllister, from whom we have had some enjoyable, though too brief, visits. The last time, the dainty and delightful Mrs. Mac was with him, and we are now looking forward to a promised visit—not call—from them. "Flopsy" spent an evening with us also a year or so ago, but soon afterwards disappeared from Washington, and I could not discover his whereabouts when Armstrong inquired.

About six hundred words were allowed me for my letter, but as I said above I do not feel entitled to such consideration, so assign the balance due me to some of the boys who are more generally known to our class.

With kindest regards to each one of you, and a renewed invitation to happen around this way, I am,

Very sincerely,

GEORGE MILLER WHITWELL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 24, 1905.

Washington Gas Light Co.

My Dear Fellows of '94:

How are you? Nearly eleven years have rolled by since we bade one another farewell amid the classic shades of dear old Hampden-Sidney. These years have brought many changes to our class. Matrimony and death and other lesser goods and ills have been at work among us. Many have deserted the ranks of bachelorhood, and have enlisted in the army of Benedicts, and are now proud and dignified *patresfamilias*. Others plod on along the road of life single-handed and alone.

Though I have never before responded to a request to write a letter to the class, yet it has ever been with the greatest interest and pleasure that I have read your letters, and thus learned of your whereabouts and doings.

As you may know, I entered Union Theological Seminary in Virginia the fall after we left College, finished the course in May of '97, came home to West Virginia, was licensed to preach the following June by Greenbrier Presbytery, and went into home mission work in

Fayette county, with headquarters at Fayetteville. Here I was called upon to be associate spiritual adviser of two men who were hanged. (May such never fall to my lot again.) I remained at Fayetteville until last May, when I came to this group of churches, which is composed of Green Sulphur (in Summers county), McElhenney and Muddy Creek (in Greenbrier county). My place since coming to this field has been in the home of the parents of our class-mate and my room-mate, the lamented William T. George. Some months ago, when I stood by his grave for the first time, my soul was filled with memories of our College days, and "the old familiar faces." I felt ineffably sad and lonely, and could not refrain from tears.

It has been my privilege and great pleasure to meet a good number of our fellows since we have gotten out into the world.

Several of you, when about to commit matrimony, have honored me by having me invited to attend the happy event. I regret my not being able to accept in a single instance. I now gratefully acknowledge all of these courtesies and congratulate each one of you on winning the heart and hand of "the dearest and truest and sweetest and best girl in all the world," and wish you and yours, and all the other dear fellows, a most pleasant and prosperous and long journey through life. Dunlap (*alias* "Romeo") had a two-fold campaign on hand and heart last fall. He was a candidate for the office of Prosecuting Attorney in (this) Summers county, and for the hand of a fair young lady in matrimony in Pulaski county, Va. He was elected to both offices at nearly the same time. Who dares deny that he is a hustler?

Would that every one of us could simultaneously accept "John I.'s" cordial invitation to visit our dear old *alma mater*, and could have another class meeting in "Pat" and "Sturd.'s" room. (*Cf.* H. S. C. Kaleidoscope, '94, p. 106.) There "John I." (Rat) and "Photographic Peter" dignify professorial chairs and terrorize the young hopefuls. And, let me whisper in your ears, I heard incidentally that the latter even now sometimes talks photography to our professor of Chemistry and Physics.

Genial "Pat" now graces a professor's chair in Union Theological Seminary, Virginia. We are scattered to the four winds of the earth, and engaged in various lines of activity. May it be truthfully said of each of us, "He is doing his best."

What a spectacle our class roll would present now with the prefixes and suffixes and other-fixes of Mr., Hon., Prof., Dr., Rev., etc., etc., to the names! But with us, dear old comrades, it is now and will be ever, "Bill" and "Joe."

I trust that every man will respond to the call of "John I." and write a letter telling us much of himself, of where he is, and what he is doing, of his joys and sorrows, of his hopes and fears. I do not know where a number of them are, and who knows that I shall not wish to have them bidden to the launching of my boat some day?

John I., our indefatigable Editor, wrote me something about each man's writing "seven hundred pages;" then struck out "pages" and wrote "words." Now, lest you should conclude that I am about to make it *pages*, I close.

May all the good things and happiness of this life and that which is to come be the lot of every one of the class. Good-bye!

Yours, in cordial fellowship,

N. A. PARKER.

GREEN SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. VA., *March 3, 1905.*

My Dear Class-mates:

It will soon be eleven years since we had our last class meeting here. I see that many of the fellows are asking for a reunion. I want to second that suggestion. Even Simpson will not oppose. By the way, he has gone out of the kicking business. You will hear all about it next fall. Winston and I will see that you are properly entertained, and we'll give you such a welcome as you never yet had.

After my session here as fellow, 1894-1895, I went to Nashville, Tenn., where for six years I taught English, Greek, and Mathematics in the University School. During my vacations I was secretary to the President of Word Seminary for Young Ladies, and had a great deal of correspondence with, for, and about young ladies. In the fall of 1901 I entered Union Theological Seminary, and was graduated from that institution in May, 1904. Meantime I had continued my vacation position at Word Seminary, and also my correspondence with and about young ladies, especially with one, and in this case the correspondence went on even during the winter months while I was at the Seminary. In July, 1904, I was elected to the chair of Moral Philosophy and Bible Studies here. October 11, 1904, I was married

to Miss Ollie Walton Connell, of Nashville, Tenn., and we are living happily ever afterwards.

My wife is a loyal member of the class of '94, and the latch-string of our home will always be out for any member of the class who passes our way.

Yours faithfully,

JNO. I. ARMSTRONG.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE, *May 8*, 1905.

THE OTHER FELLOWS.

HENRY H. SWEETS wrote on February 7th:

"I was indeed glad to hear from you. Some of the most pleasant memories of my life cluster about that delightful year at old Hampden-Sidney. It was my great desire to return and complete my course there, but for many reasons this seemed impossible. I thank you for remembering me as a part of the class of '94, and I shall esteem it a privilege to write a few words for the 'Class Letters.' I enclose check to bear my share of the expense, and in a very short while I will send you a short communication for publication."

His letter didn't come, but the class will be interested to learn that, after leaving Hampden-Sidney at the close of his freshman year, Sweets completed his collegiate education in Kentucky (at Central University, I think). He then studied theology at Louisville Seminary, and later did city mission work in Louisville till last summer, when he was chosen Secretary of the General Assembly's Executive Committee of Ministerial Education and Relief. His address is 232 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky., where he will cordially welcome any '94 man who happens to be passing through the city.

Z. L. DALBY wrote February 25th:

"At present I am not in position to subscribe to the 'Class Letters.' I will, however, give you the main points in my history since the 1899 edition of the 'Letters.' I was married in 1900, and we have one child, a little girl of four, who is our chief joy. I was with the Civil Service Commission in its best period, when it consisted of Proctor, Foulke, and Garfield. When Mr. Garfield was appointed Commissioner of Corporations he at once asked me to come with him as his private secretary, and that position I have held ever since."

Dalby's address is, care of Bureau of Corporations, Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.

EMMETT RUSSELL PRICE, after much search, was run down at 1713 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., but so far he has not writ-

ten. McAllister saw "Flopsie" in Richmond some months ago, and, April 7th, writes of him as follows: "In the winter he represents one of the large New York publishing houses, but which one, or in what capacity, I could not learn definitely. In the summer he is *factotum*, confidential clerk, and general utility man at the Yellow Sulphur Springs, near Blacksburg, Va. I have it, from one of the habitués of the Yellow Sulphur that he is simply indispensable there, keeping things lively. He married recently. He has filled out considerably and is better looking than he used to be."

J. H. ALEXANDER wrote February 24th:

"I heartily approve of the task you have undertaken in editing the 'Class Letters.' I am indeed interested deeply in all the fellows of our class and shall await the letters with peculiar concern. I should like to send you a letter, but just now am not in the spirit. I take pleasure in enclosing herewith New York draft for the amount required of each member. Put me on your mailing list, for all items relating in any way to old Hampden-Sidney are more than welcome. I am still connected with the Geo. Muse Company, of Atlanta, and I suppose I am a fixture here. I have been with the company over ten years, and am now serving them (faithfully, I hope) in the capacity of 'credit man.' I am still in the *undesirable* state of single blessedness, and am sorry to say I seem further than ever away from the 'heaven' of you married men. I admit, you have it on me."

Harry's address is No. 257 Washington Street, Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN L. DYER wrote February 21st:

"I have no idea of how to write a class letter. Since leaving Hampden-Sidney in 1892 I have often thought of the boys with whom I was associated, and have yearned to see them. Excepting Whitwell, I haven't seen a one. It has always been, and still is, my intention to drop back to old Hampden-Sidney some day, and see the familiar places and sights, even though I do not get to see the faces of those whom I struggled and fought against. I enclose the amount you ask for. Send me a copy, and with that before me I'll be in position to write a letter for the next issue. Remember me to all the '94 boys."

Dyer's address is Nos. 11 and 12 Coles Block, El Paso, Texas. He is City Attorney of El Paso. He was married some years ago.

C. G. CHRISTIAN. "Semi" wrote March 6th, sending love to all the boys, and promising a letter sure, but it didn't come. He is preaching in Livingston, Texas.

T. B. SOUTHALL. "Tommie" could not send a letter, but he is alive and well and happy. His health was not equal to the work at Austin, Texas. He came to Virginia about two years ago, and is preaching at McDowell, Va. Some three years ago he was married to a "North Carolina Daisy."

J. A. WAUCHOPE's address is, care of Carpenter Cook Company, Menominee, Mich.

S. K. WAUCHOPE is in the general merchandise business at Colony, Oklahoma. He would be glad to hear from all the fellows, but "in the rush of business" could not send a letter.

R. F. DUNLAP is "Attorney and Counsellor at Law" at Hinton, W. Va. He promised a letter, but it hasn't come. He was married in November, 1904, to Miss Emma May Wysor, of Pulaski, Va.

F. L. HIGDON is preaching at Antonito, Col.

J. M. WOMACK is farming near Hampden-Sidney. His post-office is Throck, Va.

B. J. WORSHAM wrote February 22nd:

"I tried farming after I left college until the spring of 1895, when I came to Bluefield, and began to work for the Superior Supply Company, and have been with them ever since. I have never married, preferring to live a bachelor. I should like to have a copy of the Class Letters and see what the 'boys' are doing."

His address is, care of the Superior Supply Company, Bluefield, W. Va.

J. M. WORSHAM is manager of the Collection Department of R. G. Dun & Co., in Denver. His address is Bank Building, Denver, Col.

J. L. SYDENSTRICKER is at Athens, W. Va. He is Secretary and Treasurer of the Brew-Mead Company, manufacturers of lumber, shingles and staves.

A. L. TYNES is practicing medicine at Fishersville, Va., and is shingles, and staves.

W. T. GRAHAM's address is Graham's Forge, Va., where he is practicing medicine and managing a large estate.

W. F. SPOTSWOOD is in the lumber business. His address is Norfolk, Va.

J. W. S. STRONG is presumably at Martinsburg, W. Va. Mail sent there was not returned. What he is doing is unknown.

C. H. LICKLIDER's home address is Uvilla, W. Va. He is said to be a railway mail clerk, but will not answer his own mail.

R. D. BUDD is City Engineer for the city of Petersburg, Va. For further information and also for the reason he couldn't write, see Osborne's letter.

W. E. FINLEY is with the Fairmont Coal Company, Fairmont, W. Va. Dr. Finley writes that Will is married and has one child.

RICHARD HUBARD, C. F. MORTON, O. J. IRONS, LEWIS FLEMING, and W. T. GEORGE; these last have become first. We hold our dead in lasting and affectionate remembrance.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Editor must begin with an apology for being so late with these "Letters." He couldn't help it, for he got sick, so sick that even Dr. Morton Holladay was puzzled to know what was the matter with him. After being laid aside for fully two months he is back at his post, doing the best he can to clear off accumulated duties, and indulging in the pleasure of editing "Class Letters," as he has opportunity.

This is the proper place to give Smith and McAllister the credit for making the first move toward this edition of the "Letters." The former made the suggestion and the latter pushed it on. All honor is due to the men who conceive and suggest undertakings, and it's a pity they are sometimes hidden behind others who happen to execute what has been thought out by them.

This is the fullest edition of the "Letters" that has yet been published. There are many who were with us at one time or another, but who haven't letters in this issue. Some promised and failed to send. Some made no response to the editor's letters. Still their hearts are with us, you may be sure. Elsewhere in this issue will be found recorded what the Editor has been able to learn about these absentees from the Class-letter roll-call.

At the suggestion of McAllister, the following statistics have been compiled. They are not complete because of insufficient data: Of the forty-seven men named in this pamphlet as at one time or another connected with the class of '94, sixteen are ministers, four physicians, three are teachers, two are lawyers, two are farmers, one is a private secretary, one is a railway mail clerk, one is a city engineer, twelve are in various occupations which may be called "business," and five are dead. So far as reports show, only seventeen have married. It should be further stated that the catalogues show a few other names as members of this class, but they were men who did not remain long enough to make a lasting impression on the class. It

has proved impossible to trace some of them, while others were found to be identified with other classes.

The Editor wishes to extend his cordial thanks to all who have helped in the undertaking of this edition. He has had keen pleasure in hearing from the fellows first-hand, and feels that he has been fully rewarded for the time and work he has expended. He would like to second most heartily the suggestion of the "Tower of Babel," *alias* "Reverend," that the "Class Letters" be issued annually.

THE COLLEGE.

Since 1899, the date of the preceding issue of these class letters, several additions have been made to the property of the College, changes have taken place in its organization and administration, as well as in the disposition made of grounds and buildings.

On the removal of the Seminary to Richmond in 1898, the property of the Seminary at Hampden-Sidney was purchased by Major R. M. Venable, of Baltimore, Md., who gave to the College the main Seminary building, the library building, and the residences formerly occupied by Drs. English and Hersman. Later on he gave also the residence known as the Dabney house, opposite the one occupied in 1894 by Mrs. Carrington. These three residences are now assigned to the professors of the College. The old Seminary Chapel, fitted with a permanent stage and comfortable seats, is used by the College Dramatic Club.

In September, 1899, the books forming the College library were removed to the Seminary library building, where they are now well arranged and catalogued, and are from time to time being added to. For instance, in 1901 more than six hundred very interesting and useful volumes were, through the instrumentality of Dr. William Summerville, presented by the widow of the Rev. Dr. T. J. Shepherd, of Maryland.

In 1902 the outbuildings belonging to what was in former days the president's residence were removed, the fruit trees grubbed up, and the garden and yard, together with the field to the west, converted into a lawn. The whole now forms a part of the campus, which is thus probably more extensive than any other College campus in the State and very beautiful. The attractiveness of the scenery has been increased by the construction of an extensive lake in the grove between Professor Thornton's residence and the main College building. This work has all been done at the expense of Major Venable. It is hoped that the house formerly occupied by the president

may in the near future be converted into a science hall, or an administration building.

At its meeting in June, 1902, the Board of Trustees determined to bring the College into closer affiliation with the Presbyterian Church, and a plan was carried through whereby vacancies on the Board are now filled by that body by election from among eligibles named by the Synod of Virginia. On the consummation of this plan the Board thought it proper to pass an action prohibiting dancing by the students in any building the property of the College. The resulting disaffection in the student-body has hapily, by this time, been largely dissipated through the exertions of friends—among whom may be mentioned principally Mr. Robert K. Brock—in providing a suitable place for social gatherings of all kinds. Geneva Cottage was presented by Major Venable, and to this is now being added a hall that will have a clear floor space of thirty by forty feet, and a pitch of thirteen feet. The hall will be completed by commencement.

Through the liberality of Mr. J. T. McAllister, of Hot Springs, Va., a silver loving-cup was provided in 1903 as an athletic trophy to be held each year by that College class whose members make, in the aggregate during the year, the largest number of points in foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, gymnasium work, and field and track athletics. This has done much to excite a more general interest in athletics of every kind. The field day exercises last year and this were the best in the history of the College.

Two legacies, one of \$5,000 and the other of \$25,000, have in the last three or four years been left the College; and though the money has not yet been actually paid to the treasurer, it is expected that it will shortly be in hand.

In June, 1904, Dr. Richard McIlwaine dissolved his connection with the College. Whereupon the Board dissociated the presidency of the institution from the professorship of moral philosophy and Bible studies. A president has not yet been elected, but no doubt a suitable man will shortly be decided upon. The salary of the president, who is hereafter to devote his entire time to advancing the general interests of the College, unhampered by class-room duties, is to be \$2,500. For the present session Professor W. H. Whiting,

of the chair of Latin, has been efficiently filling the position of acting-president.

In 1901 the adjunct professorship of Science was raised to a full professorship of Chemistry.

For the last year the Memorial Hall has been lighted with gas.

The above items show that in the last six years the old College has in many respects been making solid progress.

H. R. M.

